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[NO. 7.]

From the War of Oct. 31st, 1812.

BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.

As every circumstance attending this gallant but unfortunate enterprise, must be interesting to Americans, we shall endeavor to collect, for the gratification of our readers, all the particulars worthy of record. Every account speaks in flattering terms of the unexampled intrepidity of our troops, scarcely one of whom had ever been in action before. During the whole affair, the British kept up a constant fire from their batteries at Fort George, Fort Erie, and opposite Black Rock; and at the latter place, a bomb unfortunately fell upon a barrel of powder, which blew up, and set fire to the barracks, which, with some of the fur taken in the Caledonia, were consumed. Our balls set fire to the gaol, and also to a brew-house at Newark, on the British side, both of which were burnt down. It appears that the British were perfectly apprised of the intention of our troops to cross; and it is stated that a letter was found in the pocket of a British officer who was killed, from another officer at Chippewa, informing of the intention of the Americans to cross, the time at which they might be expected, and their probable force. The letter is said to be in the possession of Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Capt. Ogilvie, of the 13th regiment, who led the detachment that succeeded in taking the redoubt upon the heights, has arrived in this city, and has furnished the following particulars:

A detachment from the 13th regiment, consisting of about 300 men, under the command of Col. Chrystie, and about 300 militia, commanded by Col. Van Rensselaer, received orders from the General to cross the Niagara River on the morning of the 13th inst. which was in part effected before day, under a very heavy and destructive fire of grape and musket shot from the British, who, it appears, were apprised of the attack.

In crossing the river, three boats with troops, one of which contained Lieut. Col. Chrystie, were carried by the rapid current of the river far below the point of landing; and as soon as Col. Chrystie's boat touched the shore the only guide to the ground left the colonel.

In consequence of this disaster not more than 200 men at first effected a landing. Those few, however, marched on under a heavy fire, and formed a line on the front of the battery, where they were sheltered by a bank, upon the summit of which there was a battery, which had proved very destructive to officers and men. From the fire of this battery, and that of a house on their right bank, Col. Van Rensselaer was wounded, and likewise Capt. Armstrong, Capt. Lawrence, Capt. Wool, and Lieut. Lent; killed Lieut. Valleau and Ensign Morris, all of the 13th. Col. Van Rensselaer, after he was wounded, urged the troops to storm the heights.

Sixty determined men, led by Capt. Ogilvie, seconded by Capt. Wool, (though wounded) and Lieut. Kearney, Lieut. Carr, Lieut. Hugginan, and Lieut. Sammons, Ensign Reve, of the 13th, Lieut. Randolph and Lieut. Gansevoort, circuitously mounted the heights, gave three cheers, and immediately charged, and after the third charge gained complete possession, which they kept about six hours. Among those sixty were ten of the militia. During the time they had possession of the heights, they received some reinforcement. Lieut. Col. Chrystie effected his landing, and a body of militia amounting in the whole to about 500. Col. Scott superseded Capt. Ogilvie in the command, soon after which the British received a reinforcement from Fort George and Chippewa, amounting to about 1100, including Indians. The Indians were soon repulsed and driven to the wood.

The attack of the Indians and their warhoop had such an effect upon the militia, that when the troops had formed a line in three divisions, and were counted off, only 240 men, 110 of which were militia, remained. Previous to this, however, a column of British regulars advanced, commanded by Gen. Brock. The British general's horse was killed by a private of the name of Wilklow, who was enlisted in Orange county, shortly after which the Gen. himself fell within pistol shot of the American troops. The superiority in numbers of the British and their Indian allies induced the American officers to hold a consultation, at which they were disposed to dispute the ground they held, but a note was received from Gen. Van Rensselaer, informing them he could afford them no assistance, and that he would cover their retreat at the battery at Fort Grey, and furnish boats to re-cross the river; and finding by Col. Stranahan that the militia, would no longer act, a retreat was resolved upon. They retreated in good order without the loss of a man, to the margin of the river; but to their extreme mortification, not a boat was there to receive them, nor did any arrive. After remaining in this extremely painful situation about a quarter of an hour, this little band surrendered to about five times their number.

The enemy consisted of a part of the 49th regiment, who, with Gen. Brock, had sigalized themselves in Egypt, and from their valor were called the invincibles. Before this they had never been known to give an inch of ground, and acknowledged, after the surrender, they had never fought with such brave men. They treated their prisoners with tenderness and respect, and allowed them as much merit as brave men could desire. The number of American troops killed amounted to not more than 60 and about 100 were wounded. The number of prisoners, including the wounded, amounted to about 700.

But the victorious enemy, though generous and tender to those who by the fortune of war had fallen into their power, imposed no restraint upon their Indian allies from stripping and scalping the dying and the slain that remained upon the field of battle. Capt. Ogilvie himself saw the lifeless body of Ensign Morris stripped even of his shirt, and the skull of one who had been wounded, was seen cloven by a tomahawk.

Our informant saw the funeral of General Brock. The guns at Fort Niagara were fired during the ceremony as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy.

Queenston is nearly opposite, and the river about half a mile in width, of a quick current and full of whirlpools. From these two places to Newark on the one side, where stands fort George, and to Niagara town and fort on the other, is six miles. The country is peculiarly level under the heights, and the roads fine for marching.

A force might march from fort George to the heights in an hour and an half, or two hours. From the heights on the British side, which are highest and more inclining down the stream, a fair and open view of the river and country below presents itself.

AFFAIR AT ST. REGIS.

Major Young, of the Troy militia, commandant of a detachment stationed at French Mills, on the St. Regis river, having received information that a party of the enemy had arrived at the village of St. Regis, and that more were shortly expected, formed a resolution to take them out before they were reinforced. For this purpose he marched a detachment at 11 o'clock on the night of the 21st October, crossed the river at Gray's Mills about 3, and at 5 in the morning arrived within half a mile of the village unexpected by the enemy. Here the Major made such a judicious disposition of his men, that the enemy were entirely surrounded, and after a few discharges, surrendered themselves prisoners, with the loss of 5 killed. The result of this affair was, the capture of 40 prisoners, with their arms, equipments, &c. one stand of colours, and two batteaux, without a man of our party being hurt. They got safe back to camp at 11 o'clock in the morning. The prisoners were sent off to Plattsburg. Major Young has had the honor of taking the first standard from the enemy in the present war.

On Thursday, the 5th inst. at 1 o'clock, a detachment of the volunteer militia of Troy, entered this city, with the British colors taken at St. Regis. The detachment, with two superb eagles in the centre, and the British colours in the rear, paraded to the music of Yankee doodle and proceeded with the York Fusileers, through Market and State-streets, to the capitol. They formed a hollow square in the vestibule of the capitol, the officers and colors in the centre. The remainder of the vestibule and the grand stair-case leading to the hall of justice, and the galleries of the senate and assembly chambers, were crowded with spectators. His excellency the Governor, from illness, being absent, his aids, Cols. Lamb and Lush, advanced, from the council chamber, to receive the standard. Major Young, in a truly military and gallant style, "presented to the people of the state of New-York, the trophy, which the Trojan volunteers, in obedience to the laws, and in the service of the republic, had conquered from the enemy at St. Regis."

Col. Lush returned, "That he was ordered to communicate to the Trojan volunteers the high ideas which his excellency the commander-in-chief entertained of their valor and patriotism. That the readiness with which their services were volunteered, and the cheerfulness with which they submitted and even courted the privations and fatigues, discipline and danger of the field, claimed of his excellency those lofty expectations which are so amply fulfilled in the honor you have won, to present to the state the *first ensign conquered from the armies of an enemy since the republic*. It will be hung up in the capitol, and long display to exulting citizens the character of the deed it celebrates, and of those by whom it was achieved. You fought not for glory, for empire, nor for gold, but, like your sires, for the sovereignty of those laws which protect, respected and inviolate, the American citizen, on land or ocean, in life, liberty, and the lawful pursuit of happiness. It is hoped we may be always prosperous, ever victorious, in defence of those national rights which interfere not with the right of others.

Our infant navy surprizes the world with acts of valor and magnanimity; our army emulates the navy in love of country and of justice. Discipline will insure the object of this love, and conduct America safe and triumphant to her high destinies."

The standard was deposited in the council room amid the loud huzzas of the citizens, and military salutes. The supreme court, then in session, suspended forensic proceedings to witness the ceremonies.

A rare concurrence of incidents and emblems likened the scene to a Roman Triumph, and rendered it peculiarly expressive. The troops were formed in the capitol, on the capitoline hill; the pavement on which they stood was a beautiful Italian marble; the colors of the volunteers bore the eagle, the ensign of the Roman legions, and the heroes who presented the British standards were Trojans, and so were the ancestors of the Romans. The standard was British, and Britain was vanquished by the Romans.



TO THE TROY CITIZENS CORPS,

this plate is most Respectfully dedicated

by Huddy & Duval.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1839 by Huddy & Duval, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

TROY CITIZENS CORPS.

This is an Independent Association not attached to any regiment, but subject to the call of the Mayor of the City of Troy, and to the orders of the Governor of the State of New York.

It was founded in the year 1835, and its organization sanctioned by an act of the Legislature passed May 20th, 1836.

Its civil officers consists of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who together with the Captain and three Lieutenants form a board of managers for the transaction of business.

ITS FIRST OFFICERS WERE AS FOLLOWS, VIZ:—

H. R. BRISTOL	President,
E. F. BRIGHAM	Vice President,
J. C. POTTER	Secretary,
F. CUMMINGS	Treasurer,
Tho's. TURNER	Captain,
A. H. PIERCE	1st Lieut.
E. F. BRIGHAM	2d. "
LEWIS LYON	3d. "

Tho's. GRENELL	1st. Serg.
M. FAIRCHILD	2d. "
L. R. LASELL	3d. "
J. WICKES	4th. "
H. CARPENTER	1st. Corp'l
M. DUNNING	2d. "
J. CORNING	3d. "
J. CURRAN	4th. "

The first public parade made by this corps was on the Fourth of July 1836, when it was reviewed by his Excellency Governor MARCY, and formed part of the military escort in the celebration of that day in the city of Troy. In August of the same year an excursion was made to Saratoga Springs.

In the year 1837, the corps made two excursions, one to the City of Hudson, and the other in company with the Albany Burgesses corps to Catskill.

In July, 1839, a military visit was made to the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and likewise to Camp Washington in Trenton, at each of which places the corps met with a very flattering reception.

The present number of members is Sixty, and the officers for the current year (1839,) are as follows viz:—

JOHN T. LAMPORT	President,
WM. C. HALSTED	Vice President,
W. H. MALLORY	Secretary,
W. C. COOK	Treasurer,
A. H. PIERCE	Captain,
J. CORNING	1st. Lieut.
A. READ	2d. "
W. C. HALSTEAD	3d. "

M. FAIRCHILD	1st. Sergt.
J. WICKES	2d. "
H. SMITH	3d. "
E. BRADLEY	4th. "
C. L. ADANCOURT	1st. Corp'l
W. C. COOK	2d. "
L. SOUTHWICK	3d. "
JA's. CURRAN	4th. "

Uniform.

Short body coat of green cloth, with brass scale wings and gilt buttons, collar ornamented with two double bars of gold lace on each side, three rows of buttons in front, sixteen on the skirt, four on the collar and four on each sleeve. Pantaloons green with buff stripe.

Cap of glazed leather of the Grenadier form with brass front, plates and scales, buff cord and tassels, and plume of Swan feathers, buff and green.

Cartridge Box and Bayonet, Scabbard of black leather, with brass trimmings, waist and cross belts white, secured by brass plates.

Knapsacks of painted Canvas, Valise covered with leopard skin and plated with brass at the ends.

The Captain and subalterns are distinguished by epaulettes, aiguillettes, straight sword, black belt and red sash.

Washington's Life

Not spared by a British Officer, as reported, at the Battle of Brandywine.

Mr. Cooper, the distinguished American author, in a letter from Paris, dated 28th of January, 1831, takes occasion to correct an historical error, by the following observations :

"While troubling you with this letter I will take an opportunity of correcting an error, which has been very generally circulated, and is even to be found in several historical works, as well as in numberless magazines.—Among others who have fallen into the mistake to which I allude, Bigland, in his view of the "World" relates an anecdote, by which it would appear that at Brandywine, the life of Washington was at the mercy of the celebrated British rifleman, Major Ferguson, who was too generous to profit by his advantage.

Mr. J. P. De Lancey, (father of Mrs. Cooper,) though of a well known American family, was regularly educated for the British army, in which he received a commission at eighteen. In 1774 he was quartered at Philadelphia, with a part of his corps, the 18th of the Royal Irish. Washington was then a delegate in Congress; and in consequence of his having dined with the mess of the 18th, and of the intercourse which naturally existed between gentlemen of the different provinces, through their family connexions and acquaintances, Mr. De Lancey had a perfect knowledge of his person. When the army of Howe was preparing to embark for the Chesapeake, a corps of riflemen was organized by drafting picked men from the different regiments, and was placed under the command of Major Ferguson, who had invented several improvements in the rifle, and who had acquired great skill in the use of that weapon. Of this corps, Mr. De Lancey was appointed the second in command. During the manœuvres, which preceded the battle of Brandywine, these riflemen were kept skirmishing in advance of one of the British columns. They had crossed some open ground, in which Ferguson was wounded in the arm, and had taken a position in the skirt of a thick wood. While Mr. De Lancey was occupied in arranging a sling for the arm of Ferguson, it was reported that an American officer of rank, attended only by a mounted orderly, had ridden into the open ground, and was then within point blank rifle shot. Two or three of the best marksmen stepped forward, and asked leave to bring him down. Ferguson peremptorily refused; but he went to the skirt of the wood, and showing himself, menaced the American with several rifles, while he called to him, and made signs for him to come in. The mounted officer saw his enemies, drew his rein, and sat looking at them attentively for a few minutes.

A sergeant now offered to hit the horse, without injuring the rider. But Ferguson still withheld his consent, affirming, that it was Washington reconnoitering, and that he would not be the instrument of placing the life of so great a man in jeopardy, by so unfair means. The horsemen turned, and rode slowly away. But when the British army reached Philadelphia, Mr. De Lancey was promoted to a Major, in another corps, and Ferguson, not long after went to the south, where he was killed, at King's mountain. To the last moment Major Ferguson maintained that the officer whose life had been spared was Washington; and it is probable that the story in circulation has proceeded from this opinion. But on the other hand, Mr. De Lancey, to whom the person of Washington was necessarily so well known, constantly affirmed that his commander was mistaken. I have often heard Mr. De Lancey relate these circumstances, and though he never pretended to be sure of the person of the unknown horseman, it was his opinion, from some particulars of dress and stature, that it was the Count Pulaski.

Though in error as to the person of the individual whom he spared, the merit of Major Ferguson is not at all diminished by a knowledge of the truth. I correct the mistake, only because the account is at variance with the probable situation of Washington, at so important a moment; and because every circumstance connected with the public or private history of that illustrious man, has great interest, not only with his own country, but the whole civilized world.

Very truly yours,

J. FENNIMORE COOPER."

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

The Trumpet Reveillee.

Hark! hark! hark! to the trumpet's merry call,
Loud through the dales and the ringing woods resounding;
Hark! how it floats amid the cedars tall,
From the rough mountain's rocky breast rebounding.

Up! up! up! for the ruddy day is there,
There, where the East with opal hues is glowing;
Up! for the steeds have snuff'd the morning air,
Down from the hills in balmy freshness blowing.

Wake! wake! wake! for the booming morning gun,
Pours to the dawn a loud, exultant greeting;
Wake! the last star, its high guard-duty done,
From the red sky is sullenly retreating.

March! march! march! ere the risen orb shall beam,
Fierce on our path, its noontide fervor pouring!
March! till the flash of friendly steel shall gleam,
Where the wild ocean's thousand waves are roaring.

S.



TO THE MONTGOMERY LIGHT GUARD OF N.YORK,

this plate is most respectfully dedicated

By Huddy & David.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1839, by Huddy & David in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

First Company Montgomery Light Guards

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The first meeting took place for the organization of the Corps, on the 20th of June, 1839, at which WM. A. WISDOM, Esq., *President*, and THOMAS S. MURPHY acted as *Secretary*.

A committee was appointed consisting of Patrick Brenan, Patrick Foley, Thomas O'Brien, John Brady and James H. Lally, to report forthwith upon the necessity of immediately forming the Gentlemen present into a Military Corps under the name and title of the *First Company Montgomery Light Guards*, which was carried into effect by electing the following named persons as officers:

WM. A. WISDOM, Captain,
JAMES DUNN, 1st. Lieut.
MICHAEL CONNOLLY, 2nd. do.

THOMAS O'BRIEN 1st. Sergeant,
Wm. GREEN, 2nd. do.
JAMES H. LALLY, 3d. do.
JOHN CLARK, 4th. do.

Corporals

GEORGE WASHINGTON SNYDER, 1st.
CORNELIUS B. DOALEY, 2nd.

HUGH DOYLE, 3d.
PATRICK SKIFFINGTON, 4th.

The first parade was made July 2nd, 1839, under the command of Captain WM. A. WISDOM, on the reception of MARTIN VAN BUREN, Esq., President of the United States, at New York, Parading 28 members Rank and File.

FOR THE U. S. MILITARY MAGAZINE.

On the fall of Gen. Richard Montgomery.

By THOMAS FITNAM.

Loud! loud! let the fame of that soldier who fell
On Abram's high summit, be sung by our bards;
And its echo, yet louder, thro' woodland and dell,
Be the war-whoop of Wisdom's "Montgomery Guards."

To contend for the glory of country and name,
Let those who love freedom, refuse not the call;
'Gainst tyrants, who'd dare, to suppress its bright flame;
Rather let them, like Richard, defending it, fall.

And tho' o'er the grave of each patriot that dies,
The myrtle and willow in silence may weep:
Yet his clay, like Montgom'ry's, within calmly lies,
Whilst his spirit, the blessings of millions, doth reap.

Then loud let the fame of that soldier who fell
On Abram's high summit, be sung by our bards;
And, his virtues and courage, those strive to excel,
Who bear the proud name of "Montgomery Guards."

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 2nd, 1839.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

BY SERGEANT R——.

"Three or four days after the victory at Trenton, the American army recrossed the Delaware into New-Jersey.

At this time our troops were in a destitute and deplorable condition. The horses attached to our cannon were without shoes; and when passing over the ice they would slide in every direction; and could advance, only by the assistance of the soldiers. Our men too were without shoes, or other comfortable clothing; and as traces of our march towards Princeton, the ground was literally marked with the blood of the soldiers feet. Though my own feet did not bleed, they were so sore that their condition was little better.

While we were at Trenton, on the last of December, 1776, the time for which I and most of my regiment had enlisted, expired. At this trying moment General Washington, having now but a little handful of men and many of them new recruits in which he could place but little confidence, ordered our regiment to be paraded, and personally addressed us, urging that we should stay a month longer. He alluded to our recent victory at Trenton,—told us that our services were greatly needed, and that we could now do more for our country than we ever could at any future period; and in the most affectionate manner entreated us to stay. The drums beat for volunteers, but not a man turned out. The soldiers, worn down with fatigue and privations, had their hearts fixed on home and the comforts of the domestic circle, and it was hard to forego the anticipated pleasures of the society of our dearest friends.

The General wheeled his horse about,—rode through in front of the regiment, and addressing us again, said. "My brave fellows, you have done all I ever asked you to do, and more than could be expected; but your country is at stake, your wives, your houses, and all that you hold dear. You have worn yourselves out with fatigue and hardships, but we know not how to spare you. If you will consent to stay only one month longer, you will render that service to the cause of liberty, and to your country, which you probably never can do under any other circumstances. The present is emphatically the *crisis*, which is to decide our destiny." The drums beat the second time.—The soldiers felt the force of the appeal. One said to another, I will remain if you will. Others remarked, we cannot go home under such circumstances. A few stepped forth, and their example was immediately followed by nearly all who were fit for duty in the regiment, amounting to about 200 volunteers.* An Officer enquired of the General if these men should be enrolled. He replied,—"No; men who will volunteer in such a case as this, need no enrollment to keep them to their duty."

When we were about commencing our march for Princeton, Lord Cornwallis left that place with the intention of attacking, and at one blow cutting off the rebel army. He appeared near Wood Creek, or the Assanpink river, where a skirmish took place at the bridge over the creek. The Hessians were placed in front of the British troops, and endeavoured to force the bridge. They retired, and we were left undisturbed for the night.

Leaving our fires kindled to deceive the enemy, we decamped that night, and by a circuitous route took up our line of march for Princeton. General Mercer commanded the front guard, of which the 200 volunteers composed a part.—About sunrise, on the morning of the 3d Jan. 1777, reaching the summit of a hill near Princeton, we observed a light-horseman looking towards us, as we view an object when the rising sun shines directly in our faces. General Mercer observing him, gave orders to the riflemen who were posted on the right to pitch him off. Several made ready, but at that instant he wheeled about, and was out of their reach.

Soon after as we were descending a hill through an orchard, a party of the enemy who were entrenched behind a bank and fence, rose and fired upon us. Their first shot passed over our heads, cutting the limbs of the trees under which we were marching. At this moment we were ordered to wheel. As the platoon which I commanded were obeying the order, the corporal who stood at my left shoulder received a ball and fell dead on the spot. He seemed to bend forward to receive the ball, which might otherwise have ended my life. We formed, advanced, and fired on the enemy. They retreated about eight rods to their packs, which were laid in a line. I advanced to the fence on the opposite side of the ditch which the enemy had just left, fell on one knee, and loaded my musket with ball and buck shot. Our fire was most destructive; their ranks grew thin, and the victory seemed nearly complete, when the British were reinforced. Many of our brave men had fallen, and we were unable to withstand such superior numbers of fresh troops.

I soon heard General Mercer command, in a tone of distress, "Retreat!" He was mortally wounded, and died shortly after. I looked about for the main body of the army which I could not discover,—discharged my musket at part of the enemy, and ran for a peice of wood, at a little distance, where I thought I might shelter. At this moment Washington appeared in front of the American army, riding towards those of us who were retreating, and exclaimed, "Parade with us, my brave fellows; there is but a handful of the enemy, and we will have them directly." I immediately joined the main body, and marched over the ground again.

O, the barbarity of man! On our retreat, we had left a comrade of our's whose name was Loomis, from Lebanon, Ct., whose leg was broken by a musket ball, under a cart in a yard; but on our return he was dead, having received seven wounds from a British bayonet. My old associates were scattered about, groaning, dying and dead. One officer, who was shot from his horse, lay in a hollow place in the ground, rolling and writhing in his own blood, unconscious of any thing around him. The ground was frozen, and all the blood which was shed remained on the surface, which added to the horror of this scene of carnage.

The British were unable to resist this attack, and retreated into the College, where they considered themselves safe. Our army was there in an instant, and cannon were planted before the door; and after two or three discharges, a white

* About half of these volunteers were killed in the battle of Princeton, or died of the small pox soon after.

flag appeared at the window, and the British surrendered. They were a haughty, crabbed set of men, as they fully exhibited while prisoners, on their march to the country. In this battle, my pack, which was made fast by leather strings, was shot from my back, and with it went all the little clothing I had. It was, however, soon replaced by one which had belonged to a British officer, and was well furnished. It was not mine long, for it was stolen shortly afterwards.

Immediately after the battle, an officer, observing blood on my clothes; said, "Sergeant R——, you are wounded." "No," as I never expected to be injured in battle. On examination, I found the end of my fore finger gone, and bleeding profusely. When and how it happened I never knew: I found also bullet holes in the skirts of my coat, but excepting the slight wound of my finger, was not injured.

In this battle and that of Trenton, there were no ardent spirits in the army, and the excitement of rum had nothing to do in obtaining the victories.

The army retreated to Pluckamin mountains. The weather was extremely cold, and we suffered greatly from its severity. We staid here three or four days, and then marched through New-Jersey towards New-York. The inhabitants manifested very different feelings towards us, from those exhibited a few weeks before, and were now ready to take arms against the British. At Morristown, I was sick of the small pox, and many of our little army died there of that disease. Such were some of the hardships and self-denials endured in securing the blessings now enjoyed by this free and happy country.

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

It is not known to whom belongs the authorship of the following brief sketch; but a more thrilling and graphic account of one of our Revolutionary battles, is seldom seen.

The battle of Brandywine was fought on the 11th of September, 1777, and lasted all the day long. It was a bloody affair to us, and well nigh proved fatal to Greene and Sullivan. We had been in the saddle four hours under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our points, pistols, and furniture; as if assured that the struggle would be deadly and a long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth.—We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope facing the west; our horses, in number about four hundred, standing patiently as so many marble creatures—until, just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up and heave like a curtain upon the wind, and the whole heavens seemed discharging all their beauty and brightness upon one spot, I happened to turn, and saw the tall Pole, bare headed, tilting about on his horse, like some warlike presence come out of the earth, to worship upon the summit of the hill behind us; it might be,—for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation—it might be, in the awful employment of devotion, or in the more earthward one of martial observation. But suddenly he reined his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; the next moment a part of our ranks were covered with dust thrown up by a cannon ball that struck within a hundred yards of the place he had just left. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance; Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off full gallop to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns one under Knyphausen, which moved with tremendous steadiness, like a dark solid mass, in a direction towards Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in from the house we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting for a whole hour the sound of conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled along the sky—a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum heads. The whole air rang with it; another followed, and then gradually increasing in loudness, came peal after peal upon us, till it resembled one continual clap of thunder, rolling about in an illuminated vapour.

But Pulaski with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty the operations of the enemy in the vapour below. Meanwhile several little parties that had been sent out, came in, one after the other in full gallop, with the news that Knyphausen had borne down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again and again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river.

A thin vapour now rose from the green earth below us and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of the tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard was raised above it, some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it—like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouting the field for a mile, within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions—one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the Commander-in-Chief was determined to fall upon Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game. Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which he descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not certain the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with Greene, who was posting, all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle; and, the next moment saw

Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill, (upon which the morning sun broke out just then, as if leaving the heavens for a while,) to the enemy's flank.

This arrangement would have been fatal to Knyphausen, but unluckily there was a stop put to it, almost at the moment when we were ready to fall upon him, with foot and horse, by the alarming news that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. There was a moment of irresolution, doubt—it was the death of us. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded the halt. Hardly had this happened, and our horses were covered with sweat and froth, fretting like chained tigers upon the bit; our men full of dust, and blinded with the wind and sun, for it was extremely hot and sultry; when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank; and Greene, to whose division we had been attached, was put in motion for the support of Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder clap. The enemy has passed, concentrated, (as we supposed) and fallen on our right. I shall never forget Greene's countenance when the news came; he was on the road side up a very steep bank; his face as white as the bleached marble, and commanding us to hurry forward for encouragement, without throwing ourselves into the enemy's power, put his division forward with such tremendous impulse, that they marched 4 miles in forty minutes; we held on our way, in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating step by step at the head of his men, shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to a stand, while Cornwallis was pouring upon them an incessant fire.

Pulaski flashed out to the right, over broken fences, and stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and dust that rolled before them, in the wind, to be much nearer than they were, redoubled their efforts, but at last, he saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled; the wind swept athwart their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke; he gave the signal; Archbold repeated it—Arthur, and myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word; and when Pulaski shouted in a voice that thrilled through us, struck spur to his charger, it was half a minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we could come up with him. What could he mean? Gracious heaven! my hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment when I saw we were rushing straight forward into a field of bayonets, yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him!—We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad and open before us, with a wall on the right hand and the left; but not a bayonet or blade in front, except, what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recollect the devastation we had made, almost in the heart of the enemy's column. But Pulaski, who afterwards rode into their intrenchments, on horse back, having broken over them once, aware of his peril, if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more dreadful than that which shut in the children of Israel upon the Red Sea; but no! the walls had rolled in upon us, and we were left no choice but to continue as we had begun. The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of joy. I remember how he passed me, again and again, reeking with blood, riding, absolutely, upon the bayonets of the enemy; and at last as they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles—when we were faint and feeble, and even Archbold was fighting on foot over his beautiful mare, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of *succor! succor!* and felt the enemy give way—first this way and then that, and saw him finally concentrate beyond us. 'Once more!' cried Pulaski, 'once more!' and away he went again, breaking in upon them as they were forming! and trampling down whole platoons in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his piece to aim, and the next moment we were scouting over the ground, where I could see Archbold and Arthur battling it with four or five of the enemy's horse—but our aspect, as we came thundering around upon them, proved sufficient. They took to their heels, and we brought them off unwounded—unhurt.

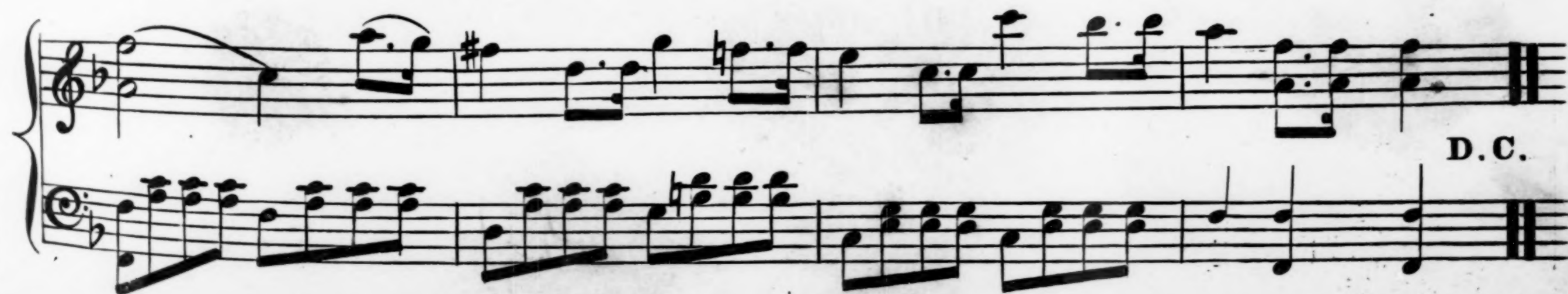
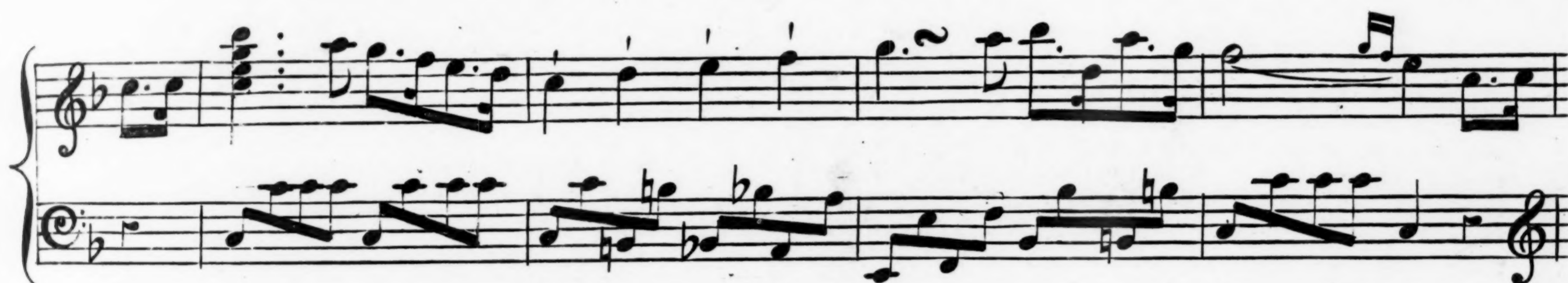
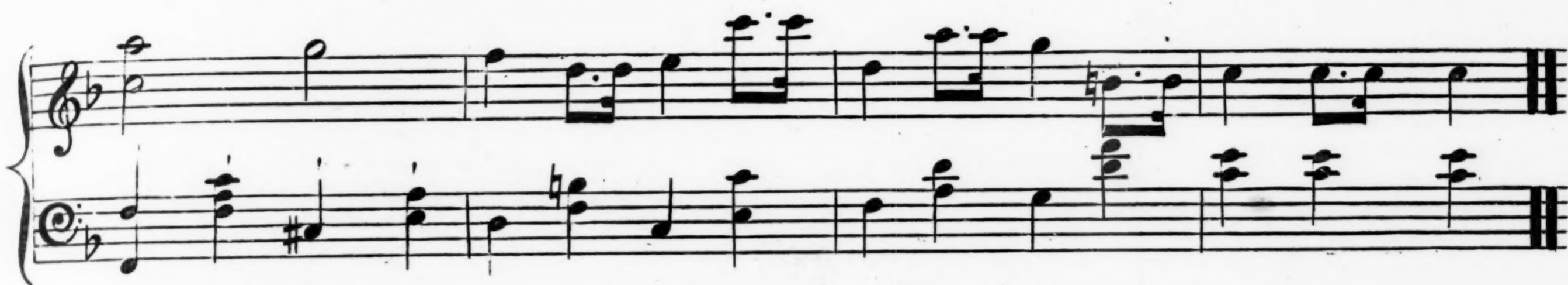
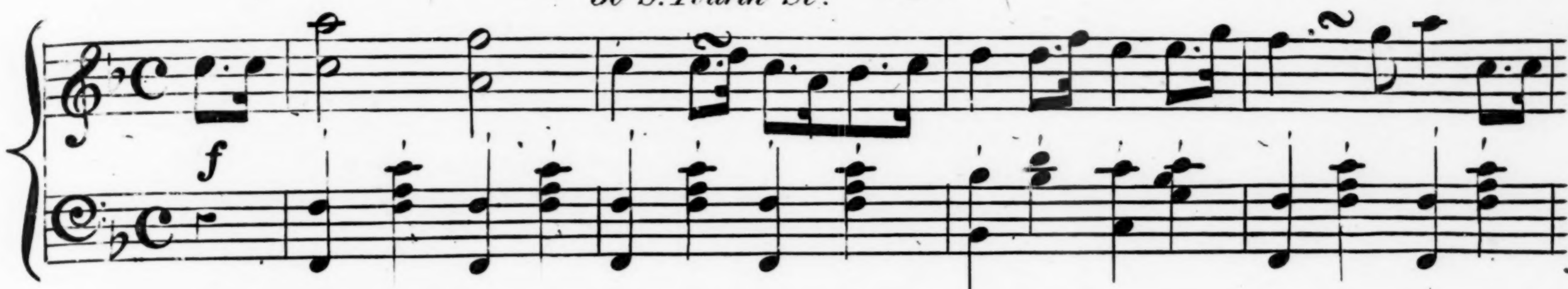
It was now getting dark, but the hour was that of sunset, when, in this climate, the sky is like a mass of coloured vapour floating over a bath.—Greene was forming in our rear, with that fearful calmness, which boded a terrible time to him that ventured upon it. The ground was favourable to him; and the half hour that the enemy lost by our charge, (though a mere handful) into his columns, was of inconceivable benefit to Greene, for his men were literally out of breath, and ready to drop down at the first onset. But that half hour gave them an opportunity to see their commander's face, and to hear his voice; and from that moment they would have stood their ground, though the heavens had rained fire upon them. I have been in many a battle, many a one that made my hair stiffen afterwards in my sleep when I dream of it, but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, the rush of blood and fire so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene. We were unable to strike a blow; the enemy imagined us no doubt to be much more formidable than we were, and had edged in all his exposed points, by a rank of men, kneeling with planted bayonets; and though we rode through them again and again, discharging our pistols at their faces, yet no one of them shut their eyes, or fired a shot, but where he knelt, he died, and his place was filled by another as resolute, so that we could not, (the thing was impossible,) repeat the charge. But one thing happened within my sight and hearing, which nearly brought me to the ground, in terror and helplessness. Two horsemen had set upon me, and while I was doing my best to return their visit, I saw that they were only a part of a squadron whom I brought into action, and that several were upon Archbold. While I was looking at him, he was several times severely wounded, and streaming with blood; and ere I could reach his side, he fell, and his horse dashed off to the right, I followed, and fortunately came in contact with Weed's Virginia brigade, which soon relieved me from every apprehension on my account, for the enemy fell before them rank after rank like flax in a blaze. They were supported by a body of Pennsylvania militia, near the head of whom I saw Lafayette, the reins all loose, wounded in the arm, his scarf shot away and streaming in the wind, yet showing the same unalterable front, and leading the raw militia up to the very eyes of the enemy, while a sheet of fire scorched their faces.

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D. C.



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